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151 to give them shade. Any one who remains in the village all day will retire inside the hut during the hottest hours, when the village will appear deserted. They say: 'The sun fights us.' But they very much enjoy sunshine when it is not too hot. Every morning soon after sunrise they bask in it for a while before taking up the business of the day, and they have a word, *wapōtan*, which means 'to sunbathe' (*wa*, verbal prefix, *pōtan* = sun).

IDEAS REGARDING NATURAL PHENOMENA

821 Rain is produced by the 'medicine' of the rain-maker (this is described on pp. 312 ff.). He has control also of wind, thunder, and lightning. There used to be men who knew the medicine to make the sunshine, but they have all died without passing on their knowledge, and now there is no one who can control fine weather. There is medicine to influence the tides, which a malicious person sometimes uses to make a very high tide which will wash away from the beach the canoes of a man against whom he has a grudge.

The crescent moon is *dʒiwau tsutsūnē* ('the little moon') and the full moon *dʒiwau tʃan* ('the big moon'). I did not learn of any names for the quarters. There is a widespread story explaining how the moon got into the sky, of which I have several versions. The one here given comes from Saposa, and is interesting as showing that the Melanesians, like ourselves, see a 'man in the moon'.[1]

Story of the Man in the Moon.

773 539 Morena (the creator of the people and the origin of their culture, further described on p. 38 f.) and a woman called Tchinaverat and a man called Bekinatun (who figures also as the hero of other stories) worked in the taro garden at night. Tchinaverat and Bekinatun worked in the dark, but when Morena wanted to work she took the moon, which she kept hidden in the roots of a tree, and set it against a tree trunk to give her light to work by. At last Bekinatun and Tchinaverat hid and spied on her, to find out how she got her light. They saw her take out the moon and work by the light it gave her. They came up to Morena. When she saw that they had seen the moon she said: 'Now this thing must go up on top.' So she sent Bekinatun up with the moon. When you see something inside the moon that looks like an axe, that is Bekinatun, he lives in the moon. Morena said to him: 'You go and stop in

[1] Another, given in my paper in *Folk-Lore* (March 1932), also accounts for the stars.

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the moon, and light up all the land. If you like you can break the moon in half; half shall be the moon, half shall be the sun; presently half shall be hot and half shall be cold, half shall be light in the daytime and half shall be light in the night.' So Bekinatun did as she said, and now he lives in the moon. He does not like to live in the sun, it is too hot. So the sun is empty. Morena said: 'If you like you can put Tchinaverat in the sun.' Bekinatun said: 'Tchinaverat can't stay in the sun, it is too hot; she will die, she must stay in the moon.' So now Bekinatun and Tchinaverat are husband and wife, they stop in the moon. Bekinatun carries an axe, Tchinaverat sits down beside Bekinatun's basket of betel-nut. When the moon is only a half circle, Bekinatun is keeping the other half shut up; when it is full, Bekinatun has opened it again, because he likes the moon to be large.

At Kurtatchi the man is called Tsɔ̃dir, and his wife Tchinaveran. Two stars near the moon are her children, one in her arms and one on her back. When there is no moon they say that it is dead. One of the more sophisticated men once asked me: 'What makes the moon die?'

There are names for many of the stars, and for groups of stars, sometimes, but not always, corresponding to our constellations. The Pleiades, for example, are called Wermis, and represent a man and a heap of stones, associated with a story about a man of that name, who left his companions in order to get stones with which to crack canarium almonds, as he said, but really to eat pig all by himself. His companions set a watch on him and found out the way he was tricking them. In these latitudes the Pleiades are not visible during the time when the almonds are ripe, i.e. from May to about the end of August, and the people say that Wermis has gone to collect stones to crack the almonds, as told in the story. Another version has it that one star in the group represents a stone and the others are the birds that gather to eat the almonds.

Orion's belt is called Wadi'i'gu, and represents two men carrying a pig on a pole. The other stars in this constellation are the dogs. The morning star is called Suetoan, which seems to be a name only, but the star which comes up some little time before dawn is called Gengenien, which means 'chase away fish', because the man fishing at night knows that when the fish see this star they go away into the deep sea and that it is useless to stay out any longer. Another group of stars is called 'Isu ien pa Tchibo', and represents a crocodile which is trying to eat a string of fish belonging to Tchibo (a legendary being about whom further details are

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THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE

May 26. About the place, playing with her baby.
May 27. Went to barter with other women at Tarongen, taking the baby with her.
May 28. Worked in the new taro garden.

The records of the girls are similar to those of the women, they search for shell-fish on the reef, or work in the taro garden, or look after some one's baby, with intervals of doing nothing in particular. The boys spend most of their time fishing, or hunting 'possum, or just playing in the bush, or they may help an older man to shape a dug-out canoe.

RECKONING OF TIME

The past of these people is enshrined for them in their numerous myths of origin, handed down from one generation to another, and called *wasisio wa kāna*, 'stories of long ago'. They are concerned with the doings of culture heroes such as Morena, who instituted their clans, and taught them the arts of life, as described in Chapter II. Tales are also told of successful raids led by great fighting men, who are remembered by name for about two generations back, generally given with the comment: 'They used to eat man.' The era before the white man began to count as a factor in native life (some forty years ago) is sometimes referred to as 'the time of fighting'. The present is 'the time of the white man'.

As regards anything more definite than this, it is practically impossible to obtain any real information. The idea of reckoning an interval seems completely foreign to them. When I tried to find out any such thing as how long taro takes to ripen, or how long ago a certain man died, the majority of people would merely gaze at me in puzzled silence, no matter in what form I couched my queries. My most intelligent informant once said, in discussing these matters: 'We people do not know how to count time. We think in our bellies, that's all.' They take up a plant to find how near the taro patch is to being ready for use, they hold ceremonies when they think they have enough food available. A messenger, carrying a branch of areca-nuts, is sent round to the villages that are expected to attend it, and leaves a nut at each, as an indication that it is time to start. In days of old, this signal was also used as a request to join in a fight, either in defence or attack. If they wish to make an appointment to meet at the end of a designated period, say for purposes of barter, one party to the agreement will give

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divisions of Naboin or Nakarib.[1] As a matter of fact, representatives of the others were so few in number in the villages I knew most intimately, that to all intents and purposes the organization might have been a dual one, and in view of this, and of the variations in the totems of the others, it is perhaps permissible to hazard a suggestion that these are the original clans, the others being newer developments, in spite of their occurrence in the origin myth given on p. 38. The substitution of Kariba, apparently a species of tree-rat, for Katoi'ian, hawk, in the Hahon district might perhaps be explained on the ground that as it is a little distance inland, the fish-hawk would not be so much in evidence, but this does not account for the substitution in the case of Tiop, which is a small island off the Bougainville coast.

ORIGIN OF CLANS AND TOTEMS

It does not seem to be thought that the people are descended from the creature whose name is associated with their clan. The origin myth is the same, with local variations, throughout the area, and the same myth is also widespread in other parts of Melanesia. One version of it has been given in full in my paper in *Folk-Lore* (1932, p. 67), where reference is made to parallels in other places. The essential features of the story are as follows: An old woman, whose name differs in the different versions of the tale as I heard it in several villages, is left behind when all the people flee in their canoes before a terrible monster, in some villages said to be a spirit, in some a giant, and in others a wild pig, who ravaged the land. Left alone, she copulates with a banana, and in course of time bears two sons, who, when fully grown, kill the monster. When this becomes known, the people who fled return, among them two girls who become the wives of the two brothers. From these two couples all the people are descended. In one version, obtained from the village of Kohiso in the hill district of central Buka, the end of the story is that the two brothers were turned into birds,

[1] Such information as I was able to collect during a short visit to the Kunua mountain district of central Bougainville indicates that in that area, where the culture differs considerably from that of the coast, there are actually two primary divisions, each divided into several subsidiary clans, the names of which were given as follows: Kérakera (Eagle) division: Tókora, Arási, Aratawérit, Arawútah, Tówo. Huhúrifa (Hornbill) division: Anakópu, Bwataféra, Tásu'ul, Aisetáu'a, Bokapusú'e. No meaning was assigned to the words used for the subdivisions. Unfortunately, my opportunities for investigation in this area were very limited.

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614 but the kind of bird is not specified, and this particular version
●773 omits the statement that all the people are descended from the sons of the old woman, so it provides no clue as to the ideas held about the original relation of the people to the birds whose names they have given to their clans.

At Saposa I obtained a version of the myth which differs from the others in passing briefly over the incidents connected with the monster, which figure largely in all the rest, but giving in detail the
[115] origin of the clans from the children born to the old woman. I got it from two very old women, Temin and Bo'in. They told it, with endless repetitions and digressions, throughout the whole of a long day, in snatches, with intervals for rest, for they were very feeble and quickly became tired. It was like listening to the recital of an epic. Even through the quavering whimper of extreme age, one felt that the speakers were telling what was to them no mere tale, but a recital of truths that went to the very roots of the life of their people. The portion of the story that is relevant to the subject under discussion is here given in somewhat abbreviated form, as the disconnected way in which it was told makes it hard to follow in literal translation.

The old woman is here called Morena. The first part of the story, as told in other places, how all the people ran away from the monster and left her alone, was omitted; it begins at the point where Morena wished to put an end to the pig who had frightened away the rest of the people and threatened to eat her.

582 She said: 'There is no one to give me a child, I think I had better try
614 with a banana.' So she took two bananas and copulated with them.
773 Then she became pregnant, and the first child to be born was a girl. 'Ah, that is no use.' So she copulated again with bananas, and became pregnant again, and another child was born, this time it was a boy. 'That's all right, presently the pig will be killed.' She copulated again, and bore another girl, so now she had two girls. She said to them: 'You must be the wives of my son.' So her two children copulated, and the girl bore a child. Then Morena said: 'These are your clans. One of you belongs to Nakarib, one of you belongs to Naboin, and as for your children, they belong to Nakas.' Now at first there were no other clans, they came later. The boy who was Naboin copulated with the girl who was Nakarib, the girl bore a female child who was Nakas. Now Morena forbade the child Nakas to copulate with Naboin, because he was her father. So Morena copulated again with a banana, but the child she bore was a girl, she called her Nagai. Again she copulated, and bore

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a male child, Konofats. He married the girl Nagai. Morena copulated again with a banana, and bore a male child, Faŋanif. She told Faŋanif to marry the girl Nakas.[1] She copulated once more, a Naboin girl was born, and later another boy, Faŋanif, who married the Naboin girl. Then she said: 'That is enough now. Now you must not marry back into your own clan. All the Nakarib people are kinsmen, all the Naboin people are kinsmen. If a Nakarib man likes a Naboin woman, he must bring payment, then he can take her. But if one of you takes a woman belonging to his own clan, then you must kill him.'

The story goes on to tell, at great length, how Morena made the land for them, and gave them all their several portions of it, and taught them how to get food for themselves, and all kinds of crafts. Finally, she gave each of the clans a bird: to Nakarib *katoi'ian* (hawk), to Naboin *mānu* (eagle), to Nakas *kavkavkuk* (a bird with white feathers on its neck), to Nagai *tʃitʃio* (hornbill), to Faŋanif *tortʃiriri* (a small bird which lives in thick forest), to Konofats *kūrō* (dove).

At this point the two old women said that was the end of the story. After a while they told another, of how Morena was responsible for putting the man in the moon, but I could not get them back to the subject of the clans, nor find out their relation to the birds that Morena had given them. A version of the same story obtained at Tiop, however, carries it a stage farther. Here the woman is called Topisbi'ɛ. When enough children have been born, and she has assigned a clan to each of them, she says to them: 'You, Naboin, must not eat the eagle. You, Natchi, must not play too much in the sea. You, Nakahi, must never kill a dog. You, Nawaniu, must not chase the bush-fowl. You, Amara, must not play with the turtles. These things you must tell to all the children who are kin to you.' But on my asking whether the people observed these restrictions at the present time, I was told that they did not.

It seems clear that the people are not thought to be descended from the birds associated with the various clans, and no information obtained from other sources gave any indication of the existence of such a belief. In all discussions the origin of the clans and their association with their totems was referred to this same

[1] At the present time the rule is that a member of any clan may marry a member of any clan except his own. But marriages of people belonging to the same clan occur at Saposa as well as elsewhere.

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myth, with only one exception. This is a single story collected at Kurtatchi, which explains the association of the clan Natchi with the hornbill as follows:

> A boy went and asked his mother for taro. His mother said: 'Why should I give you taro? Do you work in the taro garden?' Then she gave him a basket of stones. The boy said: 'All right, by and by you will be looking for me all the time, but I shall stay away.' Then he went away. Then his father cried: '*Tiragu!* (Alas!) my child has gone away.' He climbed up a bread-fruit tree, he sat down at the top of it, just like a bird. His father tried to catch him. He went on to another branch. His father went up, he went on to another branch. His father climbed after him. He went on to another tree, an almond. He was really a bird now, he ate almonds. His father tried to hold him, he jumped on to another branch, he went on to a banyan. Two legs grew on to him, the legs of a bird. He was just like a bird now, two wings came. He jumped on to another tree. The bird's head appeared. Then he went on to a banyan. His father climbed the banyan, he tried hard to catch him. But he went right away, he had turned into a bird. The bird was a hornbill. His father cried about him. Now all his clansmen are called Natchi.

Here again there seems to be no notion of descent, but there may perhaps be a reference to the custom of changing the names of a person's kinsmen at his death.

It would appear, therefore, that one feature deemed to be characteristic of totemism, i.e. descent from the totemic creature, is definitely absent from this area.

There is also lacking all idea that the associated creature ever helps the human beings belonging to the clan. In one case it is actually said to harm them. It is said that Manu, the eagle, takes children who belong to the Naboin clan up to his nest, and that if Naboin men go up to a nest where there are young the eagle kills them; he would be 'ashamed' to do this to members of the other clans.

No reverence is paid to the associated creature by members of the clan which bears its name, neither, so far as I am aware, are any ceremonies held in connexion with it. In former times a man would not kill the creature of his clan, but a member of another clan might kill it without arousing his anger. At Petats they said that a Kekeleo man might eat fowl. The eagle is not eaten anywhere, but I gathered that this is because it is not considered to be

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good for food, rather than because of its association with the clan Naboin.

Summarizing the conditions obtaining in this area in regard to totemism—if totemism it is to be called—we find the following state of affairs prevailing at the present time: The people are divided into groups each having a certain relationship to a species, animate or inanimate, which is of the same general kind for each group, and a member of one of these totemic groups cannot (except under special circumstances, such as adoption) change his membership. This is the minimum definition of totemism 'in the widest use of the term' as given in *Notes and Queries* (p. 76). But when we come to examine the nature of the 'certain relationship', we find it amounting to little more than the use of the creature's name. The totemic species is not regarded as an ancestor. It is not now treated with reverence or made the subject of any avoidances, though there is some evidence that this may have been the case in the past. I do not think that the breakdown, supposing it to be such, is due to contact with the white man. From the way in which the natives spoke of these things it seemed more likely that it happened long before the influence of the whites began to be felt in this area, and that possibly the bond between the totemic species and the clan associated with it was never very close.

MEMBERSHIP OF CLANS

If questioned, any native will say that a man should marry a woman of a clan other than his own. Since the clans Naboin and Nakarib are by far the most numerous, the majority of marriages take place between these two. Where there are other clans, there does not appear to be, at the present time, any definite system of inter-clan mating, at least, so I was informed, and none is shown in the small amount of genealogical material I collected at Saposa. But my experience of places where clans other than Naboin and Nakarib were well represented is too limited to justify any statement as to whether this was or was not the case in times past.

Both at Petats and at Kurtatchi, while clan exogamy is the recognized rule, it appears never to have been inviolable. In my genealogies there are repeated instances of men marrying women of their own clan, and these occur not only in the present generation, but as far back as my information extends, i.e. at least two generations ago. Since this goes back to the grand-parental generation of

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you must not go near her. She will be unhappy because of you, and will not be able to eat. Next day she will climb a tree and call out to all the men to find you and fight you, because you have scorned her. She will say: 'Why does he run away from me, I want him.' Then she will want you so much that she will go to your hut. (This is a grave breach of etiquette.) Her brother will be very angry, and will come to you and ask why you have done this to his sister. Then you will tell him it is because he seduced your sister.

This magic must be taught to no one except the possessor's sister's son.

I could never learn of any medicine to be used by a woman for taking revenge on a man who had abandoned her. It was noteworthy that, although some of the magic connected with love-making was known to and used by women, the great majority of my informants on this subject were men, the women seeming neither to know nor to care so much about this means of attracting a partner as the men did. Perhaps they feel more sure of the efficacy of their own personal charms. However that may be, it is certain that lovers are not lacking to any woman who wants them.

A woman desiring sexual intercourse with a man who does not make advances to her will, when opportunity arises, lie down in his presence with her legs apart, a position otherwise regarded as indecent. The word *payan* means to adopt it deliberately for this purpose. If a women exposes her genitals, even unwittingly, as in sleep, the situation is liable to be taken advantage of by any man whose passions may thereby be aroused. Both types of incident figure frequently in my collection of tales, as well as in village gossip. The proper behaviour for a woman is to sit or lie with her legs stretched out in front of her, keeping them close together. This is still the rule, although every adult now wears a loin-cloth. A young man once brought his little son, aged about three, to play on my verandah. The child sat down with his legs straight out, and another man immediately began to laugh. When I asked what the joke was, he said that the baby was sitting down like a girl.

SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

The people say there was a time when they had no knowledge of the sexual act, but men copulated with women at their armpits, and it was thought that the female genitalia were intended to provide them with lime in which to dip their areca-nut. The proper way to do it was taught first to the people of Tsiraun (Nissan), by

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833 a man named in different versions Uskawu and Manatchire, who
773 came from a long distance on a raft. One version of the story continues as follows:

833 The people of Tsiraun took him and made him sit down on the front
773 verandah of their chief's house. They gave him betel-pepper, and
539 skinned an areca-nut for him. Then they brought a woman, and made her lie down, and told her to open her legs, so that he could dip his areca-nut into her lime-pot. But Uskawu said to them: 'You give her to me presently, by and by I will chew betel at night.' He was ashamed because of the woman's genitals. Then Uskawu took some real lime, and chewed, and spat out, and the men of Tsiraun thought he was throwing up blood.

Night came, and Uskawu copulated with the woman. The men of Tsiraun cried out: 'Oh look, the man has broken our carved lime-pot.' Then the woman became pregnant, and the child grew large inside her. The woman felt it, and cried. The men of Tsiraun wanted to get a knife and cut her belly. But Uskawu held her fast, and said: 'Leave her alone, I will look after her.' The woman felt the child. Then Uskawu took a piece of wood, a short thick piece, and the woman sat down on it. Then he held the woman, and she gave birth to the child.

The child cried, and all the people said: 'What are we to do now?' Uskawu said: 'You leave us alone. The child is mine. By and by his mother will give him milk.' They asked him about the child's food. He went to get some food and prepared it for the woman to make her strong. She ate some and gave some to the child.

That is how men learned to copulate at the pudenda, before this they only did it at the armpit.

833 The story of the man who thought his wife's genitalia to be
773 a sore, and had to be taught how to copulate, which is the origin-myth current in New Ireland (Powdermaker, p. 242), is known in North Bougainville, but is told of an individual.

833 Coitus usually takes place in one of two positions. In the hut, the woman lies on the plank bed on her back, with the man over her. The women say that men sometimes lie so heavily on them
[845] that they cry out. If she is known to be pregnant, he tries to keep his weight off her; failure to do so is supposed to result in the birth
[362] of twins (see p. 164). It is difficult for a couple to secure privacy for their embraces, because there are nearly always several other people occupying the hut, which is not provided with partitions.
[839] They will wait till everybody else is asleep, but it is a favourite trick to pretend to be asleep and watch them. Or they will go to

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VI

ADOLESCENT BOYS

292 ON approaching any village on the north coast of Bougainville, a stranger will at once be struck by the curious head-gear worn by all the boys, except those who are still mere infants (Pl. 19). This head-gear is called in the Kurtatchi dialect *upi* (Ruri and Munlus dialect *buri*; Sēlō dialect *wasobu*; Hahon (mountain) dialect *wasampo*). Its appearance is more easily appreciated from photographs than from any verbal description. To the unaccustomed onlooker, watching it bob up and down as its wearer goes about his work or play, it seems almost incredible that this ungainly object should be worn except for a joke, yet it is probably the most serious and important thing in the whole culture of the area, being associated with an elaborate series of rules and taboos, which profoundly influence the daily life of the people.

824 294 The *upi* is made of the leaves of a small fan-palm (*Licuala*) which is common in the bush, and is called in the Kurtatchi dialect *win*. The manufacture is carried out in the *tobar* and is kept secret from the women. The dried and bleached leaves are stretched over a frame made of thin bamboo, the bottom of which is composed of two circles of stiffer cane, not found in the coastal districts but [283] obtained from the mountain people. The leaves are very neatly stitched together with native fibre-string of exceptional fineness. At the present time this is done with needles from the traders' stores, but in the olden days holes through which to thread the string were made with fine thorns or bits of shell rubbed down to a point on the rough surface of a lump of coral. The bottom of the hat is closely bound round with thicker string. The finished *upi*, though clumsy, is much lighter than it appears to be, but considerable practice is necessary before its wearer acquires sufficient skill to keep it in position as he goes about his various occupations.

ORIGIN OF THE *UPI*

292 773 539 The legend of origin, current over the whole area, runs as follows: A woman was walking in the bush when she saw an *wur* wearing an *upi*. The woman looked at the *upi* and liked it very much. She said to

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the *wav*: 'Oh, I like you, you are my man, you are a fine fellow.' Then the *wav* took his long breasts and gave them to the woman, and took hers, which were very small, for himself. Before that, the men had big breasts and the women small ones, afterwards, it was as it is now. The woman said: 'I don't want these big breasts, I want your *upi*. If you will give it to me I will not give it to any one.' The *wav* said: 'I don't want to suckle a child. If you have a child you must put him to your own breasts and give him milk.' Then he gave her the *upi*. She hid it in the bush. But one day a man caught her with it, and took it away from her. He said: 'You must not tell any of the other women about this.' The woman said: 'It belongs to me and to all the women.' The man said: 'No, I will not have that, it belongs to me now.' Then the man killed the woman. He said: 'It will be a bad thing if she stays here and talks about this to all the other women. I shall take this thing and put it in the bush, it won't do for any more women to know about it.' So he took the *upi*, and ever since then it has belonged to the men, and no longer belongs to the women.

CEREMONIES CONNECTED WITH THE *UPI*

Three important ceremonies are connected with the wearing of the *upi*, each of which must be gone through by every boy, be he *tuvaun* or commoner. The first is called *wapi* (= *wa-upi*, to make *upi*), and celebrates the putting on of the hat. The second, held after a period of years, is the *watawutʃ*, which removes some of the restrictions placed upon the boys wearing the *upi*; of the three it is considered by far the most important. The third, held at some convenient time after the *watawutʃ*, is called *wasipsip* (*wa-* verbal prefix, *sipsip* = comb); at it the *upi* is finally removed. I was fortunate enough to have two opportunities of seeing the *wapi* ceremony, which I can therefore describe from personal observation, but of the other two I can give only an account compiled from notes of numerous discussions.

The first two ceremonies are held for the boys from a group of villages together, the third may be held for two or three, or even for a single individual, should he for some special reason wish to discard his *upi* at a given time. A boy must return to the group with which he went through the *wapi* ceremony when the time comes for the *watawutʃ*, even though his family may in the meantime have moved to a village belonging to another group. Thus there was a boy at Tabut, who did not share the ceremonies with the other boys of this village, but attended those of the Ruri group,

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few know how to make it; those who do not must pay a man to make one when they need it. It must be paid for with *imun* (ceremonial currency made of porpoise or flying fox teeth) and several pigs. The wood of either of two trees may be used, the names of which are *iwiŋ* and *torus*; both are hard-timbered trees. The string is called *inuts*, but is the ordinary twisted fibre string. To sound the bull-roarer is *wawiura*.

The bull-roarer may be sounded during the preparations for the *wapi* ceremony, as well as during the actual performance. During this time the men of one village will sometimes go in the night and sound the bull-roarer outside another village belonging to the group, whereupon the men of the second village must bring out a pig and give it to the bull-roarer party. Shortly afterwards they will go and sound their own bull-roarers outside the original village, and will receive a pig in return. This is all a part of the mystification of the women, who know that the time is near when their sons will be taken from them by the *urar*, and who believe—or are supposed to believe—that it is his voice which is heard near the village during the night, calling for the boys. If the men of any village were to sound the bull-roarer at any other time, all the other places would be very angry, and would 'make poison' against the men of the offending village. The bull-roarer is too terrible a thing to be played with, even though the men all know what it really is.

Like the *upi*, the bull-roarer is supposed to have belonged in the first place to a woman. The story of its origin runs as follows:

A woman once went to cut firewood in the bush. When she had finished cutting firewood the sun had already gone down. She picked up a piece of wood and knocked it on a log. It split in two. One piece flew up into the air and made a noise like this (here the teller imitated the noise made by the bull-roarer). The woman jumped up in a fright: 'What is that?' Then she thought: 'It is something very good. It belongs to me, I found it.' She threw away the other half of the broken

press the matter. A rather more sophisticated man from another village also refused, saying that the people would be angry with him if he did. However, shortly before I left, one of the younger men, who had been a plantation labourer, came to me secretly with one which he had made, saying I could have it if I did not tell any one he had made it. Eventually he brought me also two which had actually been in use, under the same conditions of secrecy, but with the permission of his father, to whom they belonged. Though I was glad to be able to bring home specimens of the bull-roarer, the incident shows only too plainly how the traditional sanctions are weakening.

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stick, and broke off a piece of the fibre of a bush banana and fastened it to the piece of wood that flew up into the air. Then she tried swinging it, and it cried out: 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o-o' (imitating the bull-roarer). The woman said: 'This belongs to me, I found it.' 534 773 539

Then she went to her village, and some women were sitting on the women's verandah. The woman put her load of firewood down at the back of her own hut, and called out to all the women: 'All of you come here, tell all the women to come together here.' Then all the women said: 'What do you want us to come for?' She said: 'You come, I want to show you something I found in the bush.' Then all the women came together. The men stayed at the *tagoan* (front, or men's verandah). Then the woman untied her load of firewood, and took out the piece of wood and showed it to all the women. They all looked at it, and said: 'Well, what of it? You get a piece of firewood and show it to us, what is it all about?' 'That thing, that 's all, by and by you will see, I will go and make it cry out.' Then she swung it, and the piece of wood cried out: 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o'. Then all the women said: 'True, true, you have found a good thing. It belongs to us, you found it.'

Then all the men came: 'What is that crying out here?' All the women said: 'Something belonging to us, this woman found it in the bush.' Then all the men went back to their own side of the huts and talked. 'Ah, we had better get this piece of wood, it can cry out.' So the men went and took it away from the women, and they killed all the women, all the grown women and all the girls, they killed them all, except some very tiny girls, hardly more than babies; they were allowed to live because they did not know about the bull-roarer properly. Then all the men tried the bull-roarer in front of the village, and the piece of wood cried out: 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o'. Then all the men said: 'Ah, true, this is a good thing we have got.' When the time for the *wapi* ceremony came, all the men cut down a tree and made bull-roarers with it, and tried them, and they cried out. Since then, the bull-roarer has always been used at the *wapi* ceremony.

Bull-roarers are kept most carefully out of sight of the women. In the olden days, if a woman accidentally caught sight of one, she was immediately put to death. Nowadays, since killing is forbidden by the Government, some one would 'make poison' against her, and thus bring about her death, for which, of course, no one would be found to blame. 534 688 754

The shape of the instrument is fairly uniform, resembling the accompanying sketch (Fig. 8). The size varies somewhat, some being considerably smaller than others. One of the two I brought home measured 25¼ in. in length by 3¾ in. at its widest part, the 534

lime is made from coral, branched coral being preferred.

preparation is the work of the women, and consists of burning the coral with a minimum of slaking. The work is carried on in the recesses of the bush, the place being kept secret and no men permitted to approach it. Large quantities are prepared at a time, at infrequent intervals.

Areca-nut and betel-pepper must be provided in abundance on every ceremonial occasion, and are always given to visitors from other villages to take home with them on their return. Each individual carries his own supply of lime, or begs a dip from his neighbour; it is not provided with the other ingredients. When in his own village the chewer of the betel-mixture will freely fling the skins about on the ground, to be swept up by the women in the course of their cleaning. They are thrown away in any convenient spot, in the case of villages on the cliff top generally over the cliff, or they may be burnt. There does not appear to be any special place for disposing of them, as is described by Ivens (1927, p. 287) for the SE. Solomons. But when on a visit to another village, particularly to one in the mountains, where there is always a feeling that the people are not to be trusted, the skins are carefully put into the little basket which everybody carries, and brought away, lest an enemy should use them for making 'bad medicine'.

Branches of areca-nuts are carried by the messengers sent out by the *tsunaun* to summon people to a ceremony. (Cf. Ivens, 1927, p. 288.)

The natives say that chewing the betel-mixture 'makes them feel strong'. I can testify that when they have plenty to chew they are livelier and more inclined to talk. It is known to them that people who chew too much of it are apt to fall into a slightly dazed and stupid condition, and there are a very few who do not like the effect it has upon them and therefore avoid it. The majority, however, obviously feel lost without it, like an inveterate smoker left without tobacco.

STORIES OF THE ORIGIN OF VARIOUS FOODSTUFFS

Among my collection of stories there is a large number explaining how the people came to be possessed of, or to learn to use, certain of their foodstuffs. Many of these turn on the activities of the famous 'two brothers', and are connected with a widespread series extending over a large part of the Pacific (see references in my paper on Folk-tales, 1932, p. 74). As the stories are in most cases

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long and involved, I give here only the substance of a few typical examples.

Origin of all the fruit

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According to a story current on the island of Pororan, the coco-nut was once a very tall tree whose top reached into the sky. Several birds tried to reach the top, but failed, and finally a flying fox succeeded in getting to the top and shaking down some coco-nuts. Then from the top of the tree he threw coco-nuts and bread-fruit and mangoes, and all the other fruits that grow on trees; he threw them about to all the villages, so that everybody had these things to eat; before this they had had none of them.

Origin of coco-nuts

The younger of two brothers met his death by an accident (its nature varies in different versions), and the elder brother planted his head. In course of time a coco-nut tree grew up out of his mouth. By and by it grew tall and bore coco-nuts, which were distributed to all the villages, in one version by a bird, in another by the people coming to fetch them on the invitation of the elder brother. From these there arose all the coco-nut palms that now exist.

Origin of bananas

Once upon a time there were no cultivated bananas, only the wild bush bananas which only the parrots will eat. But a man dug up one of these trees, and two of them carried it, one taking its roots and another its top, and they planted it in their garden. It grew, and bore fruit, and the fruit was very good, so the man picked the bananas and took them to the village and invited all the people to eat them. Then he suggested that they should all plant banana trees in their gardens, and so they did.

Origin of areca-nut

Two men were out fishing; they stole a canoe belonging to a *pinari* (bush spirit, see pp. 542–3). The *pinari* caught them and cut off their heads, and planted them. From the two heads there grew up an areca-palm. Before that people did not know anything about the areca-nut. The *pinari* made a big feast and invited all the people, and gave them all nuts and taught them how to chew them with lime. They all found it good, and they all took some back with them and planted areca-palms in their own villages.

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Discovery of betel-pepper

A man once went into the bush to hunt pig, and his dogs caught one. But in running with them he lost his basket containing his knife and the piece of rope he had brought to tie up the pig. He sat down at the foot of a tree up which a betel-pepper plant was growing, and bit its stem through with his teeth, thinking to use it as a rope. By chance he had some areca-nut and lime in his mouth at the time, and he was astonished to see that his spittle was red. At first he thought his mouth was bleeding, but by further experiment he found that the colour was due to the stem of the betel-pepper mixing with the areca-nut and lime in his mouth. He found also that it made the mixture taste much better, taking off the biting sharpness. But the stem was rather tough, so he looked up and saw the fruit of the betel-pepper. He tried that, and found that it had the same effect, but was much more pleasant to eat. So he went home and told all the people what he had discovered, and they all tried it and found it very good. Since then every one has chewed the fruit of the betel-pepper with their areca-nut and lime.[1]

[1] A precisely similar story is current among the Orokaiva, cf. Williams, 1928, p. 123.

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islands dug-out canoes are rarely to be seen, and finds the general absence of outriggers characteristic of the group. Ivens (1927, p. 149) says that all the canoes of Mala and Ulawa are plank-built; he nowhere mentions the dug-out type.

The people of my area told me very emphatically, on more than one occasion, that there was a time when canoes were unknown to them, and rafts were the only means of navigation. However distant this time may be, it seems certain that the outrigger canoe is not indigenous to this region, but was introduced from elsewhere. Haddon, in an exhaustive survey of the different types of outrigger canoe found in Indonesia, concludes (1920, p. 131) that 'the present focus of outrigger canoes is in the Moluccas, and it is legitimate to suppose that from Indonesia, if not actually from the Moluccas, migrations took place at various times, each with its special type of canoe or with some partial modification'. But Friederici (1912, p. 297) thinks that the Buka people inherited this craft from former Polynesian inhabitants of the islands who were conquered and became extinct.

The local legend of origin runs as follows:

Origin of the Dug-out Canoe

At first all the people made rafts (*panots*); they were the first kind of canoes we people had. They all wanted to go and fish; they took their nets, they went to catch fish a long way off. Then one man, a man belonging to the Hahon people, watched them; he sat down on top of a mountain a long way off. He looked at all the people on the beach going fishing with rafts. He boasted, and said: 'Ah, what sort of canoe is this? When we sit down, the water comes up on to our skins all the time. I know how to make another kind of canoe that will hide our skins.'

Then he ran and got a stone axe, and cut down a *tʃiniv* tree, and began to make a canoe. The next day he watched till all the men had gone away to fish with their rafts; he went back to the bush and cut the canoe again, he finished it, he carried it to the village, he put it to dry in the sun. He cut sticks for the *kikilil*[1] (outrigger booms), he cut the *woga* (outrigger float) and the *ki* and the *tapala* (portions of the attachment of the outrigger float) in one day, he let them dry for one day. Then all the people got up again and went to fish with their rafts. Then the man went and fetched *lau* (binding); he let it dry a little, then he fastened it; that took him one day.

Then he got some *mōmō* (seaweed used to make white paint) and

[1] This story was obtained at Tabut; the terms are therefore in a slightly different dialect from those given on p. 367 from Kurtatchi.

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rubbed it over the canoe; when it had dried the canoe was all white. Then he took some red paint and black. He took *atʃitʃ* (putty nut), he turned the canoe over and laid it upside down. He took the mid-rib of a coco-nut palm leaf and made a straight line, he put a layer of putty first and then paint.

Then he went to the bush and got some *win* leaves (the fan-palm), plenty; he made two bundles and put them inside a bamboo without any water, then he put them on the fire and cooked them, and put them in the sun so that they dried quickly. He took some roots of *riro* (*Morinda citrifolia*) and boiled them in a pot with some water; then he put the *win* leaves into the water, the red water made the leaves red. Then he took some cane and fastened the red leaves (*kewara*) on to two sticks and set one up in the canoe and another on the *woga*, he decorated the canoe in this way.

He watched all the men who were going fishing with rafts. He said: 'My canoe is finished.' All the men were just going off. He said: 'You go and catch fish quickly, then come and look at my canoe.' They all came ashore, a long line of rafts. They had plenty of fish. They sat down to clean the fish. The man sat in his canoe on the top of a mountain. Now the canoe was just like a bird, it could fly. The *kewara* rustled, and all the people looked: 'Oh, oh, something is falling down from the mountain.' They all ran away into the holes in the stones in the bush, they left their rafts and their fish. The man took all the fish and put it into his canoe, and told the canoe to go back on top. Then the canoe flew back to the top of the mountain.

(*This episode is repeated three times.*)

Then the men thought: 'Some men had better watch while the rest go fishing. Some fellow is taking all our fish away from us without paying us.' Then one of them hid and watched. The canoe came down again. They all ran away. The canoe chased them. The man who was watching looked out; the canoe was resting on the sea. It took all the fish. Then all the other people came up. 'Oh, it is a real man, it is not a ghost (*urar*), it is a real canoe.' The man was sitting inside it. Then they went up to it, and were not afraid of it, and said to him: 'What is it you use to take away all our fish?' 'It is a canoe, it belongs to me.' Then they all began to pull it about. 'Don't pull my canoe about, how am I to get home? My home is on the top of the mountain.' 'No matter, we will have it, to pay for the fish that you took from us. You can make another for yourself. You show us how you make it.' Then he showed them all. They said: 'Teach us what sort of tree you make the canoe out of.' He was sorry about his trees, he did not want to show them, but he showed them a *tʃiniv* tree. They were all glad when they saw it. Then he showed them how to cut it with a stone axe. 'You cut it first

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like this, then you cut the inside, then you get another stone and work it inside so that it is smooth.'

Then he went back to his home and fetched a spear and a bow and arrows. Then he went alone to the bush. He was sorry about his trees. He said: 'Oh, why should they all know about my trees?' He took an arrow and shot it into the tree; that is why the *tʃiniv* tree has many holes in it, so that people have to stop them with putty nut. The man wanted them all to have hard work to stop them with putty. The arrow stuck in the tree, presently it fell down; since then all the *tʃiniv* trees have holes in them, and now the people have to put putty into them.

Materials. Several different varieties of tree may be used. The one universally preferred, on account of the straightness and suitable size of its trunk, and the softness of its wood, making for ease in working, is that mentioned in the legend, called, in the Petats dialect, *uertsil*, and in that of Kurtatchi *tʃiniv*; in the latter case the same word is used for the finished canoe, which at Petats is called

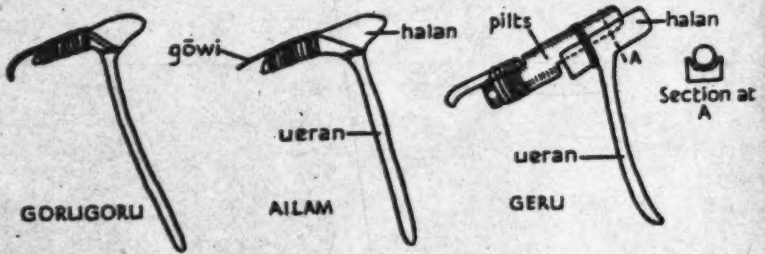

FIG. 16. Tools used in making a dug-out canoe.

dʒini. The tree is tall and slender, with rather smooth bark, which strips off in large slabs. There is a milky sap under the bark when it is first stripped, and the same milky fluid exudes from the stems of the leaves when they are broken off. The wood is white and so soft that one man can fell a *tʃiniv* tree by himself, unless it is a very large one.

Tools used. (The native terms are in the Petats dialect.) In the olden days, stone implements were used. Fire has never been employed to hollow out the log. Nowadays the work is done with metal tools obtained from traders, rehafted in the native fashion, probably much as the stone implements were hafted of old (Fig. 16). They use, besides the ordinary trade axe, which they call a tomahawk, a straight-bladed adze (*ailam*) and an adze with a curved

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Origin of fire.

372 773 539 Two distinct stories of the origin of fire are found in this area, each with several minor local differences. I give in full one told by Maravin, an old man of Kurtatchi.

Once people had no fire, they ate taro that was dried in the sun. When the sun rose they put the taro in the sunlight and the sun burned it, the taro dried. When the people came home from work they ate the taro that had been drying in the sun. When they went to work they said to a woman: 'You look after the place; if it rains you bring the taro inside the house.' The woman turned the taro. The people came home and ate it; then they slept, and slept, and slept. When dawn came they peeled some more taro and put it into a basket, and put the basket in the sun. Then they said to the old woman: 'You take care of the village and the taro.' Then they went to work.

[825] Now a little bird, *wowo'ia* (a small bird that we like to eat because it has a lot of fat), was on a tree in the taro garden. Its excrement was fire. It dropped some excrement, it fell on the leaves of the tree and they flared up. Now one of the women, who was weeding in the garden, saw the smoke, and called out to a little boy: 'You go and see what that is over there, something is light, it looks like something good, presently we will cook our food at it. The boy said: 'Mamma, you come and look, it is something very good.' He took a banana and put it on the fire, the fire cooked it. Then he said: 'Oh, this is something to cook our food with.' Then he ate some of the banana, and gave some to his mother. 'Oh, you eat this banana, it is good.' 'Yes, presently we will cook our food with this thing.'

Then they went to the village, and took the fire with them. It lit up the road as they went. They went to the village, and asked all the women: 'Where is your taro?' 'It is up in the rafters.' Then they went and cooked it in their house, they lit a fire. They said to the people: 'Here is something to cook our food with.' They all cried out: 'What is it?' 'It is fire, I cooked a banana with it, it tasted very good, it was not strong.' 'Come on, let's try with some taro in a pot.' The pot boiled. Then they took a basket and emptied out the taro; then they ate it. 'This thing makes our food very good. When the sun cooks it, the taro is strong, when the fire cooks it, it is very good.'

Then they gave fire to every place, and all the people asked them: 'Where did you get it?' 'I got it from a bird, it is the bird's excrement.' 'What bird?' '*Wowo'ia*.'

372 773 At Saposa they say that Morena, who gave them all their knowledge, took the outer shell of a coco-nut and laid it in the palm of her hand; she stretched her hand out towards a bird; the bird

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372 dropped some excrement on to the coco-nut shell, and it flared up;
373 this was the first fire.

It will be noticed that neither of these versions account for the process of making fire by rubbing. But the second story, which I heard at Tiop, tells how a man and his wife, while drying their taro in the sun, saw two branches which were being rubbed together by the wind. They tried it for themselves, and first smoke came from the sticks and then flame. Then they brought wood and made a big fire and cooked their bananas on it. At first the other men were afraid, but presently they came and asked where the two had found this thing. They said they had found it in the bush. Then they showed all the people how to make fire and how to keep it alight.

WOMEN'S WORK

Pottery

323 There is only one place in Buka and North Bougainville where
184 pottery is made.[1] This is the group of six small hamlets, three on the cliff and three on the shore below, which make up the village of Malasang, on the east coast of Buka towards its southern end, about six miles from the entrance to Buka Passage.

462 All the women of Malasang know how to make pots; they teach
323 the craft to their daughters and to the wives of their sons. A novice
438 starts by making small pots, increasing the size of her products as she grows more skilful. Only a few of the women can make the very largest pots. There seems to be no standard of skill except as regards size. I did not hear of any woman noted for making especially fine or well-shaped ones. They are made in large numbers, far in excess of domestic requirements, since there is a market for them over the whole of Buka and North Bougainville.

Materials.

317 There are two ingredients in the mixture from which the pots
323 are made. The bulk of it consists of a greenish clay called *petako*. It is quite plentiful in the bush, and is uncovered by the pigs in their search for water. The other ingredient is called *mēmia*, and

[1] Pottery is also made on the east coast of Bougainville, near Kieta, where the technique is similar, but the shape slightly different, and at Buin on the extreme southern end of the island; the manufacture of the latter I have not seen (Pl. 61*a*, no. 4).

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not often in demand. A very small pot is called *kolo* (Pl. 61*a*, no. 2). The other shape is elliptical, with a lip at each end for pouring. It is called *kepa* (Pl. 61*a*, no. 3). Its main use is for boiling the squeezed oil of grated coco-nuts to be added to pounded taro in the manufacture of ceremonial pudding (see p. 274) by the men.

Barter of pots.

Natives from all over Buka and the north-western end of Bougainville make trips to Malasang to trade for pots, and the Malasang people also bring them, sometimes, in canoes to other villages for barter. Their subsequent exchange for other goods carries them still farther afield. A medium-sized pot can be bought for three sticks of tobacco (the equivalent of one shilling) or an equal value in paint, cloth, &c. A large pot is worth four or five sticks, a very small one may be had for two. They are packed up very skilfully in the areca-palm fibre carriers (*kōbū*), and are taken to their destination on the backs of the women, piled so high that it seems almost impossible for them to arrive intact, yet they do (Pl. 61*b*).

Pots are broken ceremonially by their owners as a sign of anger or grief. The pots of a dead woman used to be broken by the mourners, but this custom is dying out.

I have not discovered any use that is made of potsherds. They lie about in large quantities in every village and on the sites of deserted villages. They are not broken up fine to serve as grit in the making of new pots, as is done by some primitive people.

The most careful inquiries failed to elicit any legends or traditions connected with the origin of pottery-making, the first potter, or the discovery of the clay. All they could tell me was that the craft had been practised for so long that nobody knew how it started. It is exceedingly flourishing at the present day, and there seems no likelihood of its dying out, or even being modified by the introduction of European tools, for some considerable time to come.

TERMS USED IN POTTERY-MAKING

(*Malasang Dialect*)

Materials and tools.

Term	*Explanation*
pétaho	a greenish clay, obtained just below the surface soil in the bush.
mémia	substance said to resemble reddish sand, obtained from a hole in the side of a mountain some distance inland.

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equivalents, others to crack nuts, or as weights, &c. The people know very well what they are, though I do not think any one now living has actually used them. They affect to despise their forefathers for using such awkward tools, but they admit that they themselves could not do with stone axes the work their forefathers did.

The only legend of origin in my collection referring to these stone implements comes from Saposa, where it is said that Morena gave them to the people when she taught the other crafts, teaching them at the same time to make more for themselves, and to make them also of the shells of the small clam and the giant clam.

The most typical shapes can be seen from the photograph (Pl. 63). The usual material is of a volcanic nature, such as is to be obtained in the centre of the island. They are called simply by the generic word for 'stone', *rako* in the Petats dialect and *wats* or *watʃ* in the Kurtatchi dialect; sometimes *wats pa ka kana*—'stone of times past'. I do not know of any special names applied to the different shapes, but as these differences have no longer any significance probably any such names as once existed are now forgotten.

At Petats I saw a few specimens of stone pestles (*akon*) similar to the larger of the two examples figured by Parkinson (1907, p. 498, Fig. 79). These are still used for cracking almonds, but the people say that they are too lazy to make them nowadays, but use any heavy stone instead.

I saw no hafted stone implements in Buka or North Bougainville, but in the Kunua mountain district of west-central Bougainville some are still to be seen, hafted with cane like those figured by Parkinson on p. 501 (Fig. 81). They are still valued by the people of the interior and form part of the ceremonial payments made in respect of a wife. When not required they are kept carefully wrapped up in fibre tied round with native string and packed away in the rafters or other place of safe-keeping.

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XI

AESTHETIC ARTS

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Slit-gong (*tui* (P.), *garamuts* (K.)).

534 [202 171] THE slit-gong is the most important of the sound-producing instruments known to these people. It serves not only for dances, but also for conveying information. It is used over the whole of Buka and Bougainville. Those made in the southern parts of Bougainville differ from those made in the north in not having lugs on the ends.

534 773 539 *Origin.* There is a story explaining the origin of the slit-gong and of the rules for its use which runs thus:

There is a bird whose name is *gugurio*. He taught all the people of Sollos how to make the *garamuts*. There is a big tree that has a hole inside, it is called *toras*, the wind blows inside it, the leaves beat against the edge of the hole, it makes a noise just like a *garamuts*. Gugurio told the people to cut down the tree and make a *garamuts* of it. They made it in the bush, they lifted it up and wanted to carry it to the village. They came along carrying it. Gugurio sat on the top of the *garamuts* as the men carried it. He fell down off the *garamuts*, and it hurt his foot, it broke his leg. Now he walks about on one leg.

Gugurio went with all the people to the village. He said to them: 'You people lift up the *garamuts* and put it in front of a certain house. Don't put it in front of just any house, the *garamuts* is the sign of a *tsunaun*, you must put it in front of the house of a *tsunaun*.' All the people heard what he said. 'You people, the *garamuts* must not sound for nothing. When you have plenty of pig and plenty of taro, plenty of food in front of the big house, then you can beat it, it must not sound all the time for no reason.' So they do. When it is time for a dance, or for a big feast, then it sounds. When the people of another village hear it, they know that this village has plenty of food. Then they are cross, and say: 'When will our *garamuts* sound? We have no food, let us go and work in the taro garden.'

That is why the *garamuts* stands in front of the house of a *tsunaun*, it cannot stand at the house of a commoner.

600 *Manufacture.* Slit-gongs are made of hard wood. The name of

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Conch-shell (*tsuwiŋ*).

The shell in general use is the triton shell. The sound hole is at the side (Pl. 65, 5). They are of various sizes, quite small ones being used by little boys. Women do not sound them. To sound the conch is *piu o tsuwiŋ*.

The *tsuwiŋ* is sounded on ceremonial occasions, especially those involving a journey of importance, such as that to bring home the long poles for the special *tobar* (boys' house) to be built for the *watawutʃ* ceremony, or on the way to one of these ceremonies. The performer jumps about and assumes a fierce expression, while blowing as loud a blast as he can upon the shell.

The musical bow (*koŋkoŋo*).

The musical bow consists of a flat strip of cane strung like a bow (Pl. 65, 7). It is played by holding one end between the teeth, with the string towards the face, so that the mouth acts as a resonator, while the string is plucked with the fingers towards the other end of the bow. It is used by women only, and solely for amusement, never for ceremonial purposes or at dances.

The musical bow as here used is the simplest form of an instrument which is found, with various modifications, in various parts of the Pacific area, in India and Africa, and also in Central and South America. Its distribution has been traced and discussed by H. Balfour (1899), who considers that there is close relationship throughout the Malayo-Melanesio-Polynesian series, and brings forward evidence in favour of a common origin for the forms found in India and Africa without regarding the question as settled.

The jews' harp (*pokpoko*).

The jews' harp is made of bamboo, with a straight tongue. Its shape is best seen from the photograph (Pl. 65, 6). It is played, also for amusement only, by the men.

The story goes that the rights of the sexes in these two instruments were originally reversed.

Story of origin of pokpoko

There were two people of Toioh (an island off the north-west corner of Bougainville), a man and a woman, they were going to be married, but they were not married yet. The man lived in the men's house, the woman in her own hut. At that time the *koŋkoŋo*, that is like a bow, belonged to the men, the women did not play it.

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534 The man played the *koŋkoŋo*. The woman said: 'What is this thing
● 713 that cries just like a frog, *koŋo koŋo*? It is not making a nice noise, it
539 sounds just like a frog in the bush.' Then the woman took a piece of cane and scraped it, and took a piece of string, and made a hole; she put the piece of string through the hole and pulled at it so (here the teller illustrated by pulling the string of the instrument with his thumb, holding it in his clenched hand). It sounded very well. The man, who stayed in the men's house, heard it, and said: 'Ah, who is it who has made a thing that sounds so nice?' A man said: 'Oh, a woman made it.' He came and looked, he wanted the woman to show it to him, but the woman hid the *pokpoko* in a heap of firewood, she did not want the man to see it. He said: 'Woman, where is this thing that sounds so nice?' The woman pretended: 'I do not know, I heard the sound, I thought it was you who were making it in the men's house.' The man said: 'No, I heard it in your house.' The woman said: 'No.' Now the man did not come close to the woman yet, he was ashamed before her, he went back to the men's house and lay down on the bed. (This incident is repeated.)

The man played the *koŋkoŋo* all the time. Then the woman said: 'Who wants a *koŋkoŋo* that makes a noise like a frog?' She brought out her *pokpoko* again and played it; sometimes it sounded like a person crying, sometimes it sounded almost like a bull-roarer when it is whirled. The man ran again, and came and hid on the other side. He said: 'I had better seize this woman when she makes that thing sound, it makes me feel so sorry I want to cry.' Then he came very softly, he ran and seized the woman. She jumped up, the two struggled. The woman said: 'Man, why do you hold me like this?' He said: 'Why did you make this thing? My heart trembles, it turns towards you.' Then he took away the woman's *pokpoko*. He said: 'It doesn't belong to you any more, it belongs to me now. My *koŋkoŋo* can belong to you now.' Then the woman cried bitterly. Then the two were married.

DANCE

535 There is only one form of dance (*kōma*), which is used for all occasions, both ceremonial and merely social. The men and boys walk slowly round in a sort of wheel-like formation, with the *mabu* players—one or two, as the case may be, if these are being used—forming the hub of the wheel. If the slit-gong is being used, the *mabu* is absent. In the former case, the men and boys are furnished with Pan-pipes, in the latter they may or may not accompany the slit-gong with these instruments. The women and girls dance backwards and forwards outside the wheel, coming close up to the men and then backing away again, in sets of two, three, or more—

1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
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the road to meet them, instead of waiting where we were, but this was vetoed by the older women as not being the proper thing to do.

There is no ceremonial attached to these journeys, but there are 'medicines' which may be used to ensure getting good bargains. A typical one from Kurtatchi runs as follows: Before setting out with a load, chew the root of the plant *wakalau* (unidentified) with the betel-mixture and spit on the taro, then the other people will like it and will buy plenty and pay much fish for it.

This exchange is carried on regularly between the following places in the area with which this book is chiefly concerned:

Fish from Petats and other islands off the west coast of Buka exchanged for taro from the hill villages of the centre of the island, especially Gagan, Potaki and Sapani. Meeting place: an agreed spot on the Government road running through the centre of the island. Rates: 1 large fish for 12 taros, 1 medium-sized fish for 6 taros.

Fish from the Saposa islands, off the north-western corner of Bougainville, for taro from the Hahon people of the northern foothills, who come down to the coast at an agreed spot, opposite the Saposa islands. Also from the Kunua people farther inland and to the western side of Bougainville, who come down to the coast at a place called Kavetch, some miles down the western coast. Since this involves a journey of some distance for the Saposa people it is made at longer intervals. Saposa also exchanges its fish for the taro of the Sēlō people and those of Tabut, on the north coast of Bougainville, who have good ground in the north-western peninsula. Meeting-place: the southern shore of the peninsula, on Soraken Bay. Rates: With the mountain people, 10 fish for 10 taros. With the Sēlō people, 2 fish for 6 taros. These rates are said to have been fixed for them by Morena, the 'culture heroine' from whom they trace their origin as explained in Chapter II. That was the only explanation given when I inquired as to the reason for the difference in the exchange between the two places. It is possible that the fear with which the mountain people of Central Bougainville are still regarded by the coastal people may have something to do with the favourable rates accorded to them.

Saposa also figured in an exchange in the reverse direction, giving taro to Kurtatchi in exchange for smoked fish on several occasions when Kurtatchi needed extra taro for some special

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XIV

DEATH AND THE *URAR*

THE ORIGIN OF DEATH

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THE following story concerning the origin of death is current, with minor variations, throughout this area, both in Buka and in North Bougainville.

A man died, leaving a man and a woman behind him. Before he died he said: 'You two wait three days for me.' Then he died. On the third day the man who was left said to his wife: 'You go and catch fish. I will wait for the man who died.' But the woman did not want to go and catch fish; she said: 'No, you go and catch fish, and I will wait for the man.' Her husband said: 'If you do, you must not be afraid of the man who is dead, you must give him some fire. Bring him into the house and give him fire.' So the man went out to fish. Then the man who was dead came up, and called out: 'Bring me fire!' He called again: 'Who is there? Bring me fire!' The woman saw the man, and saw that his eyes were aflame, not like the eyes of men. So she was frightened, and ran away. Then the man said: 'Oh, you have run away. Now, because you ran away, after this you and I will not be able to come back any more after we are dead, we shall go to another place altogether.'

The origin story reported from many parts of Melanesia,[1] of the old woman who changed her skin and became young again, but put on the old one because her grandchild did not recognize her, does not occur in my collection from Buka and North Bougainville. But I heard it in the Kunua mountain district of West-Central Bougainville.

NATIVE VIEWS AS TO CAUSES OF DEATH

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As commonly throughout Melanesia, deaths are usually attributed to black magic; some one has 'made bad medicine' or 'poison'. Every individual goes in apprehension of meeting his end prematurely in this way, especially those who are *tsumaun*, the reason given being that they expect trouble to arise out of jealousy. But it is also recognised that people can, under certain circumstances, 'die nothing', to use an expressive pidgin-English term. The deaths

[1] Codrington, 1891, p. 260; Ivens, 1927, p. 15; &c.

1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
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rocks called Kes, from a fancied similarity to a shark. These are not supposed to be connected with *urar*, neither is there usually any story attached to them.

STONE PILLARS

All the stones hitherto mentioned are natural formations. But there are also some in this area which show definite traces of human handiwork, being shaped like pillars, and, in some cases, having designs incised upon them. I visited five of these, and heard of at least two others which appear to belong to the same category. Unfortunately, the information I was able to obtain about them is very meagre.

Notes on the stone pillar at Yamē

Yamē is the island next to Petats on the north, forming part of the same reef. At the present time the whole island is being used as a coco-nut plantation, and there are no natives on it except indentured plantation hands, most of whom come from other localities. But once it was inhabited by Buka natives, just as Petats and Pororan still are.

The stone is on the south-western side of the island, between two rows of coco-nut trees, some hundred yards or so from the cliff-edge. It is probably not in the situation which it occupied when it was first set up. It was not standing when I saw it, but prone on the ground. Only a portion of it remains, a length of about 3 feet, the bottom part being obviously broken off. Its diameter is rather less than a foot at the bottom, its widest part. It tapered slightly towards the top, which was rounded. There were no designs on it.

None of the available natives knew much about it. One said its name was Tahuni, but he could give me no meaning for the name. Once it had a spirit (*maselai* in pidgin-English) belonging to it, but there are no spirits left on Yamē any more. Another native said it was a stone 'belonging to the mosquitoes', and that the Pororan people took it away on a raft a long time ago when it was a little stone; they wanted to use it as a pillow, but just as they were going to land at Pororan (the next island, about ten miles off) it jumped overboard and swam back to Yamē. There it grew large. It used to be taller than a man, but now it is broken. No one could tell me how it was broken, or what had become of the rest of it.

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324 From Mr. Airey, a planter on the Buka coast, a few miles farther
●773 north, who takes an interest in native lore, I obtained another story about this stone, which he heard from a Pororan native some years before: The stone was brought on a raft from some place a long way off in the days when the people had not yet learnt how to make canoes. Two women came with it, who were lighter in colour and quite different in looks from the local population. These two women went to live at Pororan, but one of them was always coming over to Yamē to weep at the stone for her people. After a time there arose a quarrel between the people of Yamē and the people of Pororan, and the Yamē people said the woman was not to come over any more. So the Pororan people came at night and took away the stone, but before they landed it a storm arose and capsized the raft, and the stone made its way back to Yamē. The woman still persisted in going over to weep at it, so the Yamē people killed her.

Stone pillar at Iltopan

324 This stone stands half hidden in the bush beside the Government road, rather more than a mile south-east of Iltopan. The name of the piece of ground it stands on is Hahapiri. There is a coco-nut grove—native, not belonging to a white man—there now, but once it was the site of the village. There are no coco-nut trees at the present time on the left-hand side of the road, where the stone is, but there were within the lifetime of one of the old men, Manapulus, to whom the place belongs. When he was a child the stone was standing, but a coco-nut tree fell on it and broke it into three pieces.

324 When I saw it, one piece, 2 feet in height, was still standing. It
531 was firmly embedded in the ground, and seemed to go down for some distance. I could not find the end of it, and as my companions were somewhat agitated at my rooting about the base of it, I desisted. The 2 feet that remain above the ground are sloped at a slight angle, probably caused by the weight of the tree that broke it. A second piece, 1½ feet long, lay on the ground beside the standing piece. The top section, with rounded end, 3 feet long, lay with its upper end tilted against the prostrate piece. It was covered with moss and lichens. I was assured that there were no marks on it, but on rubbing it slightly I discovered a pattern incised in low relief, filled in with mud and moss so that it was invisible on inspection. I then cleared it completely, the men

1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
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must once have done. About 3½ feet of it remain. It is propped up against a tree; they say it used once to stand up beside it. Down one side run a series of shallow depressions, which may or may not be the work of nature. There is no sign of any incised pattern on it.

When the story of Tchinaleke (see p. 530) was told me at Kurtatchi, this stone, leaning against its *tsiniv* tree (the kind of which dug-out canoes are made) was clearly indicated as the one which represented the woman. But on arriving at the spot, I was assured by men living near by that Tchinaleke was the stone lying below at the foot of the cliff, and that this one was called Pepes, that it belonged to the olden time, and that they knew no more about it than the few details I have given above. With that I had, therefore, to be content.

Stone pillar on North Bougainville coast

About half-way between Gomen and Ruri, there is a portion of a stone pillar which must have been originally similar to those on Buka (Pl. 79 *a*). It is in the bush, not far from the top of the cliff. Only 2½ feet of it are standing; it appears to be the top section of a pillar, since its end is rounded like all the others. It is said to go down a long way into the ground. If all the men of the village tried to move it they could not. But once the Hahon, the people of the mountains, enemies of the coast people, stole it. Having succeeded in getting it out of the ground, they slung it on a pole as the natives do pigs, and a large number of them carried it. But the pole broke. They cut a thicker tree, but that broke too. Then they cut a very large tree, all the men they had could scarcely carry it, but that broke too, and at night, while they were encamped, the stone made its way back. There are two little stones beside it, rounded either by rubbing or by the action of water; I could not be sure whether they were pieces broken off the big one or not. They are called its children. Once the people of Ratsoa (a village a short way into the foot-hills) carried them away in a pack with some ceremonial currency, but when they got home and opened their pack the stones were not in it; the *urar* had brought them back to their mother. The owner of the stone was angry with the Ratsoa people, and raided the village; then he put the little stones back in their places and made a feast.

The stone is called Mubenoits. One of the men of the village—the father of one of the present inhabitants, who is now an old man

3: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1932
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538 while the practice of areca nut chewing occurs in almost all of them, there is no mention of tobacco, now the invariable and constant concomitant of a native's day.

128 I have arranged my stories rather roughly into ten 538 classes according to the main subject dealt with. In common with all folk-tales, one story will frequently combine several motifs, and consequently might equally well be put under any one of two or more headings, but the general trend is, as a rule, fairly clear. Some tales proved, on comparing different versions, to be portions of longer narratives, and it is only too likely that many others are actually incomplete. Where I have several versions of the same story, I have given what seems to be the most complete and coherent, but in no case have I pieced out a tale told by one person with material from a version given by another.

The titles of the tales have been arbitrarily given by myself, merely for convenience of reference. The tellers always plunged into the story without preamble. There is no conventional beginning, corresponding to " Once upon a time ". The conventional ending for all tales is " Kapa " in the Petats dialect and " Mikin " in the Kurtatchi dialect. This simply means " Finished ". Sometimes it will be " Mikin ge ? " which might be translated " That's all, isn't it ? "—a kind of appeal to the audience as to whether the story has been told correctly.

128 I have chosen a typical story to illustrate each of my ten classes. Possibly the first three might have been thrown together.

Class I. Culture-Hero Stories.

538 Probably the most interesting, from the ethnological 773 standpoint are those stories which deal with the doings of culture-heroes, from whom the people consider themselves to be descended and to have derived their clan or other divisions, and other essential features of their culture. There are several tales of this type in my collection, gathered

3: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1932
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from different parts of the area studied. Of these the one which follows appears to be the most wide-spread. 538 773

The Old Woman and her Two Sons.

There was a big man whose name was Monohan. The whole country was afraid of him, because he killed people all the time. So they all ran away. Only one old woman whose name was Toboan[4], was left behind. All the people got their canoes, they ran away from Monohan. All the canoes went away. The old woman looked at one of the canoes and said: "Come and fetch my basket and put it in the canoe." Then one man said: "Oh, by and bye you can go in a canoe that is behind. There are plenty coming yet." Another canoe came up. (The preceding conversation is repeated several times.) Now all the canoes had gone. The old woman said: "Never mind, I will stay here all alone. You have all run away and left me." So she stayed there all alone, she had no one to keep her company, they had all run away because they were afraid. They stayed in another place. 539 773

The old woman thought to herself: "There is no man here to be a husband to me, I would like to make myself a son." So she took a banana, the kind that is called *sorokun* and cooked it over the fire, then she took another and cooked it also. Then she took the bananas and copulated with them. She was with child. Presently the children of the bananas were born, two boys, both born at the same time. She called them Tchikenau and Bakiano.

While the children were still small she made bows and arrows for them, and said to them: "You try them." So the two pulled at them and broke them. Then she taught them how to fight, so that by and bye they could fight the big man. She said: "You are not big enough yet." She waited till they were bigger, she gave them more bows and arrows. The two pulled at them and broke them. Then

[4] *Toboan* means "a toothless old crone."

3: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1932
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539 their mother made them big bows and arrows. They shot
773 at a *hil* (a kind of wild areca palm which has a very hard trunk). They made a mark on it, now all the *hil* trees have this mark on them. She said: If you can break that, you can shoot the man everybody is afraid of." They shot again, they broke it. The old woman said: "All right, enough now, you are strong now, now you can kill this man that everybody was afraid of before, and ran away from."

Then the old woman climbed up to the top of a tree, she put medicine on the tree, she wanted it to be very strong. It was a *siwa* tree, the kind to make canoes out of. She told the two children to stand at the foot of two trees. Then she called out, from the top of the tree, "Monohan, come here. Come and eat the old woman's excrement." [5] She wanted to make him angry so that he would come and fight. Now a little bird heard what she said, it went and told Monohan: "Oh Monohan, this old woman says you are to come and eat her excrement." Monohan said: "You are making fun of me." The bird said: "No, that is what I heard her say." (This conversation was repeated several times.) Then Monohan was very angry. He took some earth and poured it out at the foot of a tree. The old woman called out again. The bird told Monohan what she had said. Then Monohan said: "Yes, I heard it." He was very angry. He took some earth and rubbed it on the bird's body. Then he went to fight. He came up. He kicked the trees. He started kicking trees a long way off. The old woman called out, and called out. Monohan kicked a tree, it fell down. The woman called out. Monohan kicked a tree, it fell down. (This is repeated several times.) All the trees were finished. Only the one where the old woman was remained. The two children hid. They wanted to shoot Monohan. The old woman teased Monohan, she called out: "Kick down all the trees." Then

[5] This is a well recognised form of insult, which is still used.

3: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1932
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Monohan saw the tree in which the old woman was. He tried to kick it down, but he could not, he fell down himself. The tree remained. He kicked it again, he fell down again, the tree remained. He kicked it again, he fell down again, the tree remained. The two children of the old woman stood up together, they both shot him at once. They shot and shot and shot. Then Monohan died.

Then the mother of the two boys came down, she cried and cried, she thought her two children were gone. "You two, where are you?" The two children stayed quiet, they did not say anything. Then the old woman cried: "I think the big man has taken my children, my children did not win." The old woman came down to the ground. Monohan was lying dead. Then the old woman said: "You killed my two fine children." Then the two children came out, and said: "Yes, we are strong, we killed him, he is quite dead." "Oh, you fine fellows! This is the man who killed all the people before. Now my children have served him out to-day." She said to Monohan: "There, serve you right."

Then they tied him up, and cut down a tree for a pole (to carry him on, as they do pigs, with the pole thrust between their tied legs). They put him on the pole, the tree broke. They cut another, and put it ready to carry him, it broke. They cut a lot of trees, they all broke. They did not know how to carry him. Then they heard some small thing talking to them, it said: "Ding, ding, ding, ding." The old woman heard it, she took a shell-knife and cut the little insect (*gorugot*) that was talking, she cut its neck. Then she thought: "Oh, I think it was telling us to take *dindin*." (A wild fern, whose stem is not very tough.) Then they tried *dindin* and it was strong enough. Then the old woman took some leaves, and made them hot over the fire, and put them on the wound she had made in the insect. It did not die. There are plenty here, they have a mark where the old woman cut.

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539 Then they lifted up Monohan and came home. They beat
●773 the slit-gong. Two young girls heard the slit-gong, they came up, they asked the old woman : " Who is that beating
[534] the slit-gong ? We know you have no men here." (Beating the slit-gong is the men's prerogative.) The old woman said : " You think I have got a man here, do you ? " " Someone is beating the slit-gong at your place." " No, I think it is another place." She had hidden her children. So the two girls went away. The slit-gong sounded again. The two girls came back. " Old woman, you are hiding some man you have got here." The old woman said : " No, all the men ran away." Then the two girls pretended to go away, they hid close by. Then the slit-gong sounded again. The two girls ran back again, and said : " Old woman, we did really hear your slit-gong, you must have a man here." " No, I haven't. I am ill." She had tied a string round her
[757] leg to fool them. (When the natives are in pain, they tie a piece of fibre string very tightly round the affected part.) " Can't you see that I am very ill ? " One of the girls had a child with her, the child dropped a shell-knife. Now the
[445] two brothers were hiding behind a *baran* (large wooden tray on which is pounded the taro for making ceremonial pudding). Their mother tried to catch the shell-knife, she threw over the *baran*. The girls saw the old woman's two children, they cried out : " Oh ! the old woman was hiding two fine fellows ! " Then one of the girls pulled one of the brothers to her, and the other girl pulled the other brother. So they were married.

Then the two brothers took the two girls and they went and cut up Monohan. Then they cooked him, and put him on the food-platform. Then they killed a lot of pigs, to make a big feast to eat with the man. Then they sent word to the people from every place to come, they had a big feast, a man and some pigs. The old woman sent word to all the men who had run away before : " I called out to you before, and you would not come back, now you must come

3: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1932
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back and help in my singsing." Now the old woman and her two sons made a long platform and piled it up with food, and all the people who had run away before came and feasted, and made a singsing.

Then the old woman decorated her two sons, and painted their faces well, and put ornaments on them, and made them sit down on the top of the food platform. Then all the people came and looked at her children, whom she had conceived of the bananas, and they made a great singsing at the old woman's place. It began in the afternoon, and went on till dawn broke the next day. Then the singsing ended, then they all ate. Then the old woman said: "Before, I ate all alone. Now you are eating the man you were all afraid of." Then they stayed awhile with the old woman, and made a big house for her. "You have found two fine children, they are very strong, now you have killed the man we were all afraid of before." They finished now, they looked at the house. They were ashamed because the old woman had made such a big feast for them. "That is a big feast you made."

The old woman's children went into the bush, Tchikenau and Bakiano. They both had wives now. They strolled in the bush. They found a tree which had red fruit (*wermina*). The two brothers climbed up it, and the two girls stayed down below. They found some dry coconuts for making lime pots, they put good marks on them, and laid them on the ground. The boys threw down the fruit, and one big one fell on the girls' lime pots and broke them. The two girls cried: "Our lime pots are broken, what are we to do?" The two brothers said: "Oh, we are ashamed, we can't come down now, we shall stay up here." Then they were no longer men, they were birds. The two girls said: "Oh, come down! You are our husbands, you must not leave us." But the brothers said: "No, we are birds now, we cannot come down."

When the old woman knew that her sons had changed

3: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1932
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539 773 into birds, she turned herself into a *kumina* (white ant) and was not a woman any more, and her children were birds.

The story is finished.

[115] This story is here given as told to me by Sonokum, a leading man of the village of Kohiso in the hill district of central Buka. It is the most detailed of several variants obtained by me, but it does not state, as do some of the others, that the people are descended from the two sons of the old woman. It is the only one which gives the transformation of the boys into birds. The [616] two divisions of the Buka people are called Manu (Eagle) and Kekeleo (Fowl), but no statement was made connecting these with the birds of the story.

539 171 439 773 The people of Nissan, an island between Buka and New Ireland, say that the story originally belonged to them, and that the identical tree in which the old woman hid is still to be seen on the island, and also the bones of Monohan. They add that as the bones lay on the ground a little snake ate some of them, and he turned into a pig, and was the origin of all the pigs on Nissan, from whence they were sent to all the other islands. Nissan is famous for its pigs, and the natives of Buka go over in canoes—little short of a hundred miles of open and stormy sea—to buy them.

539 773 171 In a version from Petats, the monster who ravaged the land is represented as a very large and fierce pig called Burtcheni. This is so also in a version from the neighbouring island of Pororan, given to me by Mr. Gordon Thomas. As told on Bougainville, the place of the pig is taken by a being described as an *uar* (a word usually meaning the spirit of a dead person) called Towaniwa in the version current at Kurtatchi (where it is spoken of as female), and Burau in that from Ruri, a neighbouring village speaking a different dialect. In both of these versions the two sons are called Mator (Matan), *i.e.* Right-handed, and Kiruk (Keruka), *i.e.* Left-handed. Unfortunately I omitted to ascertain the meaning of the names Tchikenau and Bakiano in the Kohiso version.

In the Kurtatchi version, after the monster is killed, the old woman takes out his bladder and sets it adrift in the sea, telling

3: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1932
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it to go to Tchiraun (Green Island). On its arrival there it is recognised as the bladder of Towaniwa, and the people put to sea to find out who killed her. In the Ruri version it is the blood of the ogre that is so used. This feature is noteworthy in view of the parallels cited below.

Variants of this story, often accompanied by a cycle of other narratives dealing with various exploits of the two brothers, appear to be wide-spread throughout the Melanesian area, from New Guinea to the New Hebrides. The following are known to me, doubtless there are others. (The numbers refer to the references given with the map.)

1. From the Southern Massim, Wamira, Goodenough Bay, New Guinea. Here there is only one son, who kills an enormous pig before whom all the people except his mother had fled. Some bristles from his body are put on a raft and sent out as a token that the pig is dead, on seeing which all the people return.

2. From the D'Entrecasteaux Islands. Here the brothers are named Tomweinagona (elder son) and Kwamanea (younger son). The monster is represented as a white osprey. The boys take out its heart and give it to the people to eat, telling them that it came from the bird that had devoured their fathers.

3. From the Trobriands (Tudava). Here again there is only one son, who kills the "dreadful ogre" Dokonikan, and subsequently takes his head hidden in a taro pudding, to his mother's brother who had deserted his mother through fear of the ogre. This version differs in several respects from the others, but the resemblances seem sufficient to justify its inclusion in the present list.

4. From the Gazelle Peninsula, New Britain. Here the old woman, left behind when the rest of the people flee before the ravages of a wild pig, gives herself a wound first in her right arm, and then in her left. From the blood of her right arm arose the right-handed brother, To Kabinana, from the blood of her left arm, the left-handed brother To Karvuvu. To Kabinana is represented as the wise brother who makes plans, which the foolish brother, To Karvuvu, frustrates by his stupidity. No such distinction is indicated in the variants obtained by me.

9. From Tanna, Southern New Hebrides. Here the monster

3: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1932
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539 is called Semsem, and is described as a " devil " who devoured
773 all the people of Tanna except one old woman. Her twin sons,
171 who afterwards destroyed Semsem, were conceived of a stone which she ate.

539 *Note.*—The references here given are confined to works which
773 contain a recognisable variant of the " Two Brothers " story as
171 told on the island of Buka. The wider issue of the " cult of the
114 Brethren " throughout Oceania is dealt with in detail by Dr. Haddon in the forthcoming final volume of his Report on the Torres Straits Expedition. I am much indebted to Dr. Haddon for permitting me to become acquainted with his discussion of the subject in MS., and also for his kindness in reading the MS. of the present paper. In connection with the story as here given he makes the following comment (in a letter from which I quote with his permission) : " The relation between the " two brothers " and the Oceanic Brethren (Qat-Tangaloa, etc.) is obscure, though doubtless there is some connection. It seems evident that some syncretism has taken place. We have to take into account the original Papuan stratum in Melanesia and various successive waves of culture from Indonesia, of which the betel users were probably one of the last spreads. I do not see how we can with our present knowledge differentiate between the tales and cults of these various layers."

Class II. Culture Origin Stories.

538 Under this heading I have included stories purporting to
773 explain certain practices or customs of the people. Usually, though not always, the originators of these are nameless, differing in this respect from the culture heroes of Class I. Among my collection are stories illustrating the origin of fire, of canoe-making, of eating pig, of various musical instruments, and many others. The following will serve to illustrate this category.

How People Learnt to Eat Human Flesh.

539 Tchinaleke sent away her son-in-law and his wife, she
773 said : " You go and work in the taro garden, I will look after

3: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1932
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the house. When you want to come back, beat on the root of a tree and I shall hear you and put on my *takop*." (The *takop* is the hood worn by the women in accordance with the rule of avoidance which forbids them to see or be seen by their sons-in-law.)

Then she took a knife and cut a piece of her flesh and cooked it. Then she chewed areca nut and spat the juice about. When her son-in-law and his wife came back she fooled them. They asked: "Who has been chewing areca nut here?" She said: "Some people who came to bring us a pig." She gave the two of them pieces of meat. The couple ate the flesh of their relative.

They went again to work, the two of them. They talked to their child, they made him lie down in the roof under a food-basket. Tchinaleke took off her *takop*, and the child saw her bones and her flesh. He was afraid, and he urinated. It dripped down and wetted Tchinaleke's bones. She thought it was water, that the others had hidden. Her flesh gave her pain. Then the child cried out, from his place in the rafters, he was afraid of Tchinaleke, she was like a skeleton.

The man and his wife came back, they asked the child: "Didn't you see them? Didn't you see the people who brought a pig to-day?" The child said to them: "There isn't any pig. Tchinaleke is fooling you both. She cuts her flesh and cooks it, and makes you think it is pig. You are eating the flesh of Tchinaleke." Then they said to Tchinaleke: "You have been fooling us about your flesh." Tchinaleke was very angry, she chased them away, they ran away. Tchinaleke wanted to beat them. They ran away, they climbed up a *tchiniv* (tall slender tree used for making dug-out canoes, the word is also used for "canoe"). Tchinaleke went to climb up behind them, she wanted to beat them. They teased her, they said: "You climb up a *karao*." (A plant of the ficus tribe, which has runners dropping straight to the ground from the branches of trees.)

3: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1932
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539 Tchinaleke climbed up a *karao* close to the couple, and they
775 took an axe and cut the *karao* right through, and she fell down, and her bones were broken. The man and his wife went up into the sky. Tchinaleke lies at Lonahan, she is a stone now, she is there always.

[266] Now all the people eat man, if they go to fight and kill some people, they eat them. But they do not eat their kinsmen.

[265] This story was told to me by Pinari, the old chief of Kurtatchi. I have an almost identical version from Sakwon, an old man of Pororan, besides several fragmentary versions. There is also another, quite different, story purporting to account for the eating of human flesh. The incident of people going up into the sky occurs in several stories.

There is a rock at Lonahan, on the east coast of Buka, called [823] Tchinaleke, which the natives say is her body turned to stone. It has a rough resemblance to a limbless figure lying with its head turned sideways. It is a natural formation, but there is a [324] stone pillar of human workmanship at the foot of a *tchiniv* tree at the top of the cliff just above. Pinari said this was Tchinaleke, but the local natives took me to the rock previously mentioned as the authentic Tchinaleke.

G. Camden Wheeler gives a version of this story (*Mono-Alu Folk-Lore*, No. 45) but no connection is indicated with the practice of eating human flesh, neither is the woman turned into stone.

Class III. Natural History Stories.

538 In this category I have placed stories accounting for
821 natural phenomena, the moon and stars, the contours of the land, the presence of certain curiously shaped rocks, of caves, reefs, whirlpools, etc. Perhaps the following is one of the most interesting.

How the Moon got into the Sky.

539 The people went to the taro gardens. One woman was
821 lazy, she stayed in the village doing nothing. Her husband

CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS OF THE NATIVES OF BUKA

By GORDON THOMAS

131 BUKA is a small island, thirty miles long and ten miles wide, lying north of Bougainville and is the most northerly isle of the Solomons, though politically it is included in the Mandated Territory of New Guinea.

773 823 According to Buka legend the island was created when a god and goddess arrived from out of the south (Bougainville) and, travelling in a *mon* (canoe) to the northward, the island of Buka arose in the wake of the *mon*. At various intervals the god threw away the husks of betel-nut which he was chewing and these, in turn, became the small islands off the west coast of Buka. While the god steered the coast line was straight; later when the goddess piloted the craft the course was crooked and hence the large harbour at the north-west end of the island. Upbraiding the goddess, the god resumed the steering and eventually arrived back at the starting point, leaving behind a straight coast line.

196 The word in the Buka language to designate a white man is *tolala* and had its origin when the first sailing ship was sighted by a Buka man standing on the beach. The huge spread of canvas appearing on the horizon seemed to the astonished native nothing more than an island approaching. Excitedly he called out: "*A tol alana mayen!* (An island is coming here!)" When it was found that white men were aboard they received the name formed by the first part of the native's cry.

881 Like most tribes of Melanesia their initiation ceremonies for youths to enter manhood are of paramount importance, and are still maintained with great secrecy, though missionary and government influence has done much to eliminate many of the more savage rites. Weeks before the ceremony the great spirit, Ndook, can be [776] heard calling in the bush, warning the community of its advent so as to prepare pigs for his feasting. The women—particularly the

4: Thomas U-5 (no date) 1931 ON6 Buka ON6
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Each village has, amongst its older men and women, some with a very fair knowledge of native medicines and also, unfortunately, one or two with a secret knowledge of poisons. The administration of curative and prophylactic medicines is usually accompanied by elaborate rites which the patient must rigidly observe. Contraceptives are commonly used by the women and one herb is claimed to be what might be termed a "contra-contraceptive," *i.e.*, after a woman has been barren for several years, as a result of taking a contraceptive, this herb will make her fertile again. When epidemics occur villages as yet untouched will place small sticks, leaning outwards, on the various roads to ward off the arrival of the spirit of sickness. The sticks are smeared with the spittle of betel-nut, pepper and lime. If the cry of a certain night-bird is heard over a village where a patient lies dangerously ill, it is usual then for any further attempt to combat the illness to cease. Death has spoken. The bird's call is looked upon as the inevitable token of death, and the relations commence to gather together their presents for the dead in readiness for throwing them into the coffin or grave. It is strange, but the cases where to my own knowledge the bird's call has actually preceded the death of a patient have been numerous.

DRUM SIGNALLING ON POROREAN ISLAND

Pororan legend has it that in the days of long ago (*manus*) before drum signalling had been introduced a strange resonant noise was heard coming from the bush by the men of the village one evening. Half fearful investigations were made and it was found that the noise came from a swinging branch beaten by the wind upon a hollow tree. From this sprang the idea of the *tui*, or wooden drum, which is used so extensively throughout Buka, Bougainville and other Melanesian islands.

The making of these drums in the early days, before steel implements were introduced, was a long, tedious and almost sacred performance. In many of the *tui* the aperture at the top is but an inch to an inch and a half in width extending the full length of the drum, while the outer circumference measures in many cases as much as eight feet six inches. Sharpened clam-shells, fastened to spear hafts or long sticks were the only tools used for the work.

4: Thomas U-5 (no date) 1931 ON6 Buka ON6
Pororan

chiefly of lewd dancing and feasting. Boys were often initiated when little more than babies. They were snatched from their mothers' arms and taken to the bush. Coconut water was poured over them and their skins covered with broken pieces of leaf and grass. On being returned to their mothers it was explained that the children had been eaten by Ndook, passed through his stomach and evacuated. The slime and grass gave proof to this story.

Though great importance is attached to this ceremony now, I am of the opinion that the clandestine feasting and the desire to exhibit better images than other districts are of greater import to the *muri-na-lium* than the actual initiation ceremony. The prominence which is given to the *bahuan* and *malai* images seems to point to a form of spirit cult which is of but recent introduction. The time devoted to the *tseezen* is negligible in comparison with the labour expended upon the carvings, the preparation of food and the various deceptions practised upon the women.

The legend regarding the discovery of the *liahan* seems to point to the fact that the original idea of the Ndook ceremony was to enable the men to foregather secretly in the bush and there gorge themselves with food and give vent to lewd dances without the encumbrance or interference of the women.

The *liahan* or bull-roarer according to Pororan legend was discovered by a woman while she was cutting firewood in the bush. A piece of the wood hurtled through the air and made a mysterious noise. Curiosity prompted her to tie a piece of vine to the wood and whirl it about her head. Picking up her bundle of firewood she placed the thin blade with the vine attached on top and started homeward. On her way she met her husband, who noticed the blade and enquired the reason for the attached vine. She gave him an illustration. He confiscated it and showed it to several of the headmen. It was a novelty, something which had never been seen before. They decided it should be used as the voice of the god or spirit Liahan. The women was killed and the secret kept only amongst the older men. They said that the omnipotent Liahan was demanding food. When it had been collected this food was taken into the bush and eaten by the headmen and the chiefs.

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